

## DAMAGE IN AND ABOUT THE CITY

**Striking Scenes in the Submerged  
Streets and at the River Front—Rail-**

The waters of the Potomac rose yesterday higher than ever known before by the oldest

**A SUBMERGED CITY.**  
Sunday morning the streets were early thronged with people, who gathered in the center of the city to see the unusual sight of a city partly under water. Pennsylvania avenue, from 28 street to 7th street, was flooded, and also the streets between them. All the streets leading south from the Avenue, between the Botanical Gardens and the Treasury were canals. The basements and lower floors of houses were under water. The Maryland avenue depot, the city hall, the city jail, the Baltimore and Potomac depot, and the trucks of the railroad cars about the station were under water. On some parts of Pennsylvania avenue, water rose up to the floor of the street cars, which continued to run. Venturesome persons in carriages and wagons drove through water hub deep and shared the thoroughfare with wading boys, men on rafts and boats. Many were improved from boards, which their hands poled along. Boats also appeared on the streets.

**RUIN TO PROPERTY ON THE WHARVES.**  
The scene along the river front in Georgetown was exciting. Coal wharves and lumber yards were submerged, and vast quantities of coal and lumber were swept away and lost. The waters raged over the reclaimed flats and did incalculable damage to the work. Owners of property along the river front watched anxiously for signs of falling in the waters. At noon they were cheered by news from Harper's Ferry that the waters there were falling.

**THE HEAVIEST RAINFALL.**  
During the twenty-four hours of Friday 7½ inches of rain fell at Harrisburg, an unprecedented quantity for the middle Atlantic region. In Washington the rain gauge measured 3.10 inches for the day, thus bringing the rainfall for May up to about 11.75 inches, or about 8.25 inches over the average.

The Meredith & Winslow coal company has suffered to such an extent that no estimate of the damage can possibly be made until the water subsides. Five thousand tons of coal were washed away, and the wharf or pier which it stood went with it. The ponderous coal-derricks are total wrecks. Three heavily-laden coal barges broke away from their moorings at the gas company's wharf Saturday night and drifted to pieces against the heavy timbers of the Long Bridge. The largest barge, carrying a cargo of 115 tons of coal on board, started for the bridge at 5 o'clock and succeeded in getting there very soon afterward. There was no damage to the bridge, but a somewhat slangy expression of a loiterer, "Everything goes"—and everything did go.

CANOE ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS WRECKED.

The headquarters of the Washington Canoe Association lost its grip on its pile-moorings sometime during Saturday night. It was all right when darkness settled down, but the en-

**A BRIDGE AFLOAT.**  
Among the many things which floated down the river were the carcasses of three cows, numerous dogs and cats, and a whole bridge. The latter was about 60 feet long, and seemed to be in fairly good condition after its undoubtedly long trip. Its cohesion was splintered off the Long bridge.

**THE MONUMENT ELEVATOR STOPPED.**  
The water from the river percolated through the soil of the monument grounds, and Saturday morning the engine-room at the base of the shaft was partly filled with the tide. This necessitated the damaging of the engines and the visitors were compelled to walk up the shaft.

**FAMILIES CAMPING OUT.**  
The few families whose homes were on Easyby's Point have either been living on the second floors of their moist residences or else have camped out altogether. All the furniture and domestics will be damaged so far as muddy water can damage it. Farther down the bank a number of shanties are occupied, when there is no flood, by colored people. The unfortunate have camped out ever since Saturday evening.

**THE LONG BRIDGE.**  
The Long bridge yesterday afternoon was an interesting sight, and thousands of people crowded along the banks of the river. All night Saturday the bridge watchers paced restlessly up and down the north end of the bridge, expecting every moment to see the bridge give way. Directions were given to load the bridge with all the cars available, and about 10:30 p.

BETWEEN LONG BRIDGE AND 7TH STREET.

Very few of the owners of wharf property, between the Long Bridge and 7th street slept Saturday night. Many of them thought the water would subside during the evening. Instead of that it gained steadily, and when morning came it had pushed over the wharves, and in several places extended clear across Water street. The street was appropriately named Saturday, and the thousands of curious spectators who were gathered there, looked fully along the upper side of the street, looked with wonder upon the scenes presented. As a large proportion of the property on the wharves was coal, lumber and other building materials, which could not be moved to a place of safety, all the owners of property could do was done to take the ordinary precautions and hope for the best. This they did. There was a large force of men and a great number of pumps ready for an emergency, but practically nothing was done. What the water was doing, beneath the surface was

**THE ARSENAL POINT.**

A small strip of land on each side of the roadway running through the arsenal grounds was all that could be seen yesterday of the extensive green lawns and fields of that property. The water from the river encroaching on the one side and that of the Eastern Branch adding to the total disaster nearly succeeded in causing the total disappearance of the arsenal. However, the broad, central road, shaded by rows of large trees on each side, formed a pleasant promenade, and thousands of people, the women in the majority, were seen strolling flood amid these pleasant surroundings. The horses were removed from the stables in the grounds when the water began to rise and were picketed on the grounds. In the ammunition magazines were stored a few small quantities of powder stored. Beyond the arsenal the

**THE FLOOD IN THE CITY.**  
**Streets Converted Into Canals—A Part**  
**of Pennsylvania Avenue Submerged.**

**SUNDAY WORK HAVING GOALS**  
At Browning & Middleton's, J. L. Barbour's, and other stores, the large wagons and trucks were kept in readiness all Saturday night and Sunday morning, to be used in case the water rose much higher. The goods in the basements, the lower floors, and the shelves and other liquids that could stand considerable water were let alone, while other perishable goods were removed to the first floors above. When the water rose to the level of the first-floor stores, the higher-priced goods were removed to the upper floors, where they were less injured. In that way most of the store's goods were saved, and the store was able to have their usual Sunday holiday.

The commission stores along B street and the main avenue fared badly. In some of them the goods were saved by being taken to the first floor, but in most of them the stock remained on the first floor. In some instances the store owners did not get out to prevent their being flooded by the water. The barrels, crates, heads and boxes and boards of every description floated from these stores, and many of

The signboard with the legend, "Sergeant & Bush," was all that was left to mark the barbershop under the St. James hotel. The basement of the hotel was flooded, and the kitchen was out of sight. The water covered the first floor, rendering it impossible to conduct business in the office. There was a sort of bridge constructed of planks and beams, a stairway inside the hotel to the pavement in front, and guests were driven to and from the hotel by private carriages.

The Howells' house, on the opposite corner, was not quite so badly flooded. The cellar was filled with water, but the first floor, being considerably above the sidewalk, the water did not reach it. The second floor was not so well covered, and the hotel could only be reached by crossing a small bridge, or by means of a boat.

American boys from the state of Maine

**THE R. AND P. RAILROAD STATION**  
presented a novel sight. The water completely filled the waiting-rooms, and the large Pullman cars under the shed looked somewhat like Venetian gondolas. The heavy oak flooring was floating about like a huge raft. The baggage-room was also filled with water, and numerous trunks and suitcases were floating about when a trunk would strike a can, detaching the cover, and the contents would whiten the water. Boats floated through the entrances of the depot, and the STAG reporter's boat was made up of a large tin can, with a small rowing party of three men. Passenger Agent Parke came up on a few minutes in a large boat and made his way upstairs to inquire how the Long bridge was standing the pressure. He was informed by the tugs that the bridge was all right.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—That it was

much like Venice as it was possible for that locality to look. Craft of every description were passing through the streets, while women, who leaned from the windows and graced the balconies and porches, chatted with each other and joked with the amateur boatmen as they passed. A crowd of people on 11th street a few minutes before noon was watching a young woman was fishing from a balcony. The entire basement was flooded, and Saturday she gained the street by means of a ladder, but Sunday the water had risen so high the ladder was of no use for that purpose and it occupied a conspicuous position on the roof.

Just in the rear of Harris' theatre two drunken colored men were having a free bath. One was vainly trying to reach a partially filled whisky bottle in the water, the time if he would have been drowned. Once when he went to get another good time the crowd thought he was gone for good, but they were mistaken, for he came up puffing and blowing, yelling out: "He ain't dead, he's only a little whisky if I drown." The crowd then roared, and the whisky was gone.

Boats were in demand and their fortunate possessors made a good deal of money ferrying people around. Vehicles of every description weathered the flood and charged large fares to drive persons through the flooded district. Mission avenue was a large river, and the Metropolitan street cars could not pass. In the center of the street, with its springs broken, was a wrecked coupe, while parlor chairs and pianos were floating around within doors.

The water began to fall about noon, and as the sun shined brightly, the people came out and more visible cheer after cheer went up from the crowds who followed the receding flood.

**A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF SCENE.**

**THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.**  
There were no electric lights lit along the Avenue last night. The United States electric light company had all of its machinery raised as a precautionary measure and, consequently, although damaged, it was not injured to any extent. It is expected that the lights will all be in running order by to-night.

The lowlands bordering the Eastern branch were an easy prey for the flood, and the stream grew in width all day Saturday, until Sunday morning it looked like a lake. There was but little current and the easy flood lapped the shores leisurely and crept higher and higher until back yards, up steps, inch by inch, into front doors and back doors, until Saturday night scores of families living in the southeastern and southwestern sections along the Anacostia and several squares back from the banks were driven to their second stories, and in some cases were entirely evicted from their homes. It was not long before the bridge giving access to Anacostia was flooded, and when the tide was highest the water was at least two feet above the top of the many trees. The people were floated off down stream. This stopped traffic of all kinds, including the street cars, and communication was had with the village on the other side only by means of boats.

UP THE BRANCH.

Further up the river lay the new bridge, also submerged, but, inasmuch as it is not yet open to traffic, its blockade caused no disappointment. Midway between the two bridges, on the far shore, a white house of one story appeared above the surface of the water. A native told the reporter that it was Smith's place, and it had another story below that wouldn't be seen. Smith, he added, had moved to the new place on Saturday night. Away out on the stream a pole stood up straight with several ropes stretched out in different directions, disappearing beneath the colored water. This was a derrick used to hoist stone for the new bridge, and ordinarily stood on the bank of the branch.

Capt. Meade, the commandant of the yard, took time by the forelock, and as early as Saturday morning had a force of men at work removing loose bits of materials to the higher ground and making fast things that might float off. The bulk of the property was of such a nature that it could not well float, such as boilers, anchors, chains and cannons, and they were left to their fate. A little more chain was thrown to the anchors of the old monitor Saugus awaiting its fate in mid-stream, and it was the most placid looking object in the vicinity. It even looked higher and bigger than usual.

mustering and in the new shop by the weakening of some of the freshly laid concrete beds for tools, but Capt. Meade yesterday estimated that counterbalancing the loss of property and the damage to the new shop the yard will not exceed \$5,000. This figure would probably have been at least doubled had it not been for his prompt action at the first note of warning. Yesterday the gates of the yard were kept closed and the swarms of visitors pouring down to "see the water" from overlooking the yard, and the sentinel at the entrance, with a bunch of keys hanging from his belt, kept busy shaking his head and refusing admittance to all who came. All the yesterday getting cement and cord-wire out of the yard of J. C. Williams & Son, at the foot of 3d street southeast.

**BUZZARD'S POINT.**

Buzzard's Point is a long finger-like stretch of land that enjoys the reputation of being the most odorous place on earth. It lays away out in the river, low and flat, just the kind of territory that rising waters like to embrace, and he kind to disappear at the first wave. That is what happened to the southern portion of Buzzard's Point Saturday night. The waters were sorry when they saw it come back again to its malarious existence when the waters receded. Mr. Peter Mann runs a warehouse of bones and furs out on the point that has been what happened to him. He says, "Life also deals in carcasses of deceased animals and other material impossible to mention, which the tide picked up and scattered all along the sides of the point. He found that the bones were so much mixed up with his business, was in danger of bumping into the plant, and so he ran her out near the other shore and there anchored her. There is quite a hamlet around Mr. Mann's establishment.

bravely negro sat on a beer keg with his head in his hands, miserably, motionless, the eyes of every other man sat waiting in a chair tilted back against the wall, listening to the singing camp-meeting hymns, while watching with their trousers pulled so high that they were absolutely unnecessary as garments, as they were fastened at the waist by the water-tight, waterproofed, and lined rubber bands, and peered longingly at the ancient sash of which nothing was visible but the top row of buttons, and the window. The youngsters made every effort to look in the roof of the "store," but without success.

CONSULTING A NATIVE.

"Pretty high water," remarked the reporter to the religious vocalist in the way of novelty.

"Yas," responded the artist, bringing his chair down and opening his mouth still wider in a grin. "But damn't a sukance to wat it be. I kin tell you dat. I kin tell you dat in de vander," pointing to the submerged door in the ancient doorway, still yelling for a boat. "He dat be pledged to move up stairs las' night, dat he

**THE JAMES CREEK CANAL.**  
The mouth of the James Creek canal, at the foot of Delaware avenue southwest, was the focus of interest to the inhabitants of "Blood field" yesterday, and the two bridges that span the beautiful stream at M and N streets were loaded with men and women, all of one persuasion in the line of complexion, laughing at the queer things the flood had done. There were a few white neighborhood probably a hundred houses of which the creek is the life blood. On Saturday night, and in some cases of low tides away down on the shores of the creek the inhabitants had been driven out entirely. One whole row of bricks midway between M and N on 3d street was surrounded on every side all the way down to the water. Boats were in great demand. Bepnair's grader.

TOWNS.

Street cars loaded until the conductors were crowded off the platforms and not an inch was left for passengers to hold to, buggies, cabs, hacks, private carriages, milk carts and delivery wagons, omnibuses and heavy drays, bicycles, tricycles, and every description of vehicle that would move on wheels carried thousands of people in to Georgetown. People on horseback and people on foot hurried through the streets. Georgetown has probably never before seen such activity in its history. The throngs waiting on the river front was mixed with people from all parts of the island so that the water washed about the toes of the foremost. The Free bridge, spanning the flood high enough above the tide to be safe, was crowded with almost as many people as it could hold. The water was rising so fast that people on this structure with the waters rushing madly so close beneath stood in the streets and warned their friends not to be too venturesome.

Sunday morning early a throng of spectators were on hand. Then the Sunday scene—the power part of the town flooded with the destroying waters and the upper streets crowded with people in their church clothes eagerly watching the destruction. The crowd of the morning and midday was almost doubled in the afternoon. Men, women and children, nurses with baby carriages stood on the banks and on the bridge watching the rush of the water, until they grew dizzy, and the bridge, the city and the surrounding country seemed to be rushing up stream at the rate of twenty miles

The canal banks above washed away, and in the lower part of the canal a long line of canal boats were resting in mud, while the water had run out to help swell the flood in the river. People on high points of observation were looking for familiar objects along the shores.

**WATER THE VICTOR.**

The young men who drink beer at Holtzman's looked in vain for that resort. Cold water had got the better of it at last. It had not done the night before. All on the upper ottomac nothing could be seen that was not

Early in the day considerable drift came down from the upper Potomac, chiefly logs and uprooted trees. When a box or barrel or an automobile came by it was greeted with a shout from the crowd. A live hog floated down and was rescued by a colored boy, who said he would have pork for breakfast to-morrow.

**Heavy Losses of Business Men.**

The scene of destruction was below the Free Bridge. Water street was flooded for all but about a square of its entire length. The mills, the warehouses, stores, and dwellings were flooded, and everything that threatened to float away was being towed to the shore.

**THE HAVOC AT THE COAL WHARVES.**

Mr. H. C. Winship is one of the heaviest users, two of his schooners having gone adrift and received serious damage; also, two barges, about 5,000 tons of coal on the wharves was damaged, besides the damage to the wharf property.

Mr. Winship testified to a Star reporter this morning that it seemed incredible that the damage was strong enough to wash away an immense wall around the coal pile. This wall, said Mr. Winship, was fully twenty feet high and very thick, but it was forced down. About 10,000 worth of coal consigned to Mr. Winship was lost, and the canal is considered by him as being lost.

Mr. Archibald Greenlee loses about the same

THE GEORGETOWN LEVEL OF THE CANAL, from which various mills receive their power, is fed by an independent feeder. And yet the damage done to it is great, and the outlook for its immediate repair dubious. The water rents are worth to the canal company about \$40,000 a

**THE LOSSES OF THE ICE COMPANIES.**  
Great Falls Ice company and the Independent ice company suffered losses by ice being melted or floated away. The Independent company's loss will reach about \$10,000, while about \$3,000 will cover the loss of the Great Falls company.

**THE LUMBER YARDS.**  
"When we were warned by the signal office," said Mr. Charley Wheatley, of Wheatley Bros' lumber yards, "we put a force of men to work on ice and secured everything by heavy ropes and other ways, and I find that we have scarcely lost anything. Mr. Wheatley highly indorses the harbor improvement, and said if it were not for the ice being clear there is no doubt the water would have reached about to

Among the heaviest losers. Their new warehouse suffered great damage by being struck by a scow, staying in the walls of the building, and the floor of the building was split from the supports. About 75 tons of guano were washed away, together with two new wagons and a lot of implements. It is not known whether their wharf is damaged to any great extent, but it is feared so. Their loss is placed at \$10,000.

A young man who had been purchasing manure from the car stables and other places, had stored a great quantity since January last upon the wharf near the Aqueduct bridge. He suffers losses to the extent of about \$1,000.

**THE VIRGINIA END OF THE FREE BRIDGE.**  
The earthwork around the Virginia abutment of the new bridge was pretty badly smashed by the heavy rains, but there is no damage done to the abutments. Workmen are put to work constructing a breakwater.

**SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DROWNED.**  
Charles Sparshaw, while engaged in securing drift-wood yesterday near the Virginia approach of the Aqueduct bridge, was carried away and is supposed to have been drowned. Sparshaw, who resided at Rosslyn, was employed in the car shops of the Washington and Georgetown railroad.

Mud was everywhere on Water street this

At the second canal lock the feeder dam of the canal was broken. The house and store of ones Trailas was swept away. A young man employed there as clerk remained in the house to long and had a narrow escape. At the house of a named King, on the north side of the canal near the second lock the folk were in a hurry to leave the house. One of the inmates said he would remain in the house until he cooked his breakfast. Before he finished cooking he was compelled to jump from the second story window.

The store of Howard Garrett, on the south side of the canal a few rods from the Great Falls, was swept away with all its contents.

Joe West, the lock tender, suffered great loss of household effects and his house.

**THE CENTER MARKET**

ingering machinery, which it was necessary to protect from hurt in order that the contents of the storage rooms of great value should be safe. Much of this machinery is under the new building in the court-yard—six feet below the ground level of the street floor. By 3 at night the flood had cut off the water supply to the street when, the dealers and the public were notified to quit, and within an hour the benches were put out and the market emptied of all but those employed to protect it. The water kept constantly rising, but until 8 o'clock the morning the large force of men were able to keep the water from reaching the boiler-room, the steamers, and the water of the market the water had reached the top of many of the benches and had thus set free tons of crabs, diamond-back terrapin and a

**ON THE ANACOSTIA SIDE.**

**Railroads and Houses on Low Ground Damaged by Water.**

About 9 o'clock Saturday night all travel over the Eastern branch bridge at this place was suspended by the high water. This morning the water had fallen six feet and the current of the river was again poured over the bridge, which was found to be only slightly injured. The trestle near the middle, which was lifted by the water, had settled back into its place, and except for a few raised and misplaced sleepers at

[illegible]

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